

Cod Sandwich

Staring from Sandwich to Provincetown is like
passing through Cape Cod over centuries
(millennia)
crossing water filled with fish
and histories and
stacks fallen from boats of wood and
metal and sometimes cheap Styrofoam,
to remind us of panoramic time which pours
like frosting and a cold lovely
reckoning of ice sheets gone and
elder continent
and planet
bountifully spread by men
and women
who swam with logs and of course grey steel
or even small submarines
or big ones
all somehow siblings to large land nearby
adding “hook” with its arc filled by
adventure
despair
flags and happiness
plus the life change of
rather delicious clams
or vegan curry, perhaps.